

Reaching

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Summary: James Thomson is a pilot living in the Orbital Defence Station Gehenna's Wing, orbiting the outpost of Reach. (NOTE: Reach isn't the tragedy aspect, the story is based on what ONI covered up)

1. Introduction

Intro:

Okay the point of this Introduction is too point out what I created, and what the great people at Bungie created:

My creations: The space station Gehenna's Wing, Corporal Jamey Thomson (he's named after my Grandfather who served in the navy in WW2), Scimitar Fighters, and likely anything else to come you never heard of in the books or Halo 1 or 2.

Everything else is Bungie's.

If you somehow manage to enjoy this Fan Fiction, then check out my other Halo FF, 'Rines.

2. Don't think those thoughts!

Chapter 1

I woke to the sound of the redundant bleep of my alarm clock. The same noise I've woken up too for a year now. Since I arrived on the Gehenna Wing, the station I and about 3000 other Marines now call home.

I pushed my sheets off to the right and climbed out onto my quarter's hard metal floors. Same steps as always, a guy could become obsessive compulsive living here.

My name is Jamey Thomson. I'm a Corporal living in a Space Station in orbit around an otherwise backwater outpost called, Reach. I supposedly pilot Scimitar Fighters if we, one of the other stations, or Reach, are ever attacked.

We hear about the Covenant glassing colonies all the time, shredding entire kill squadrons of our best cruisers. But none of us, well, a few, have ever seen the buggers in real life. But we've all seen the movies.

I finished my 'waking up' process and began getting my uniform out.

Today I'm supposed to do some maintenance on my Scimitar Fighter. Basically just to keep the rust off incase the Covies come over for tea one day. Sure.

I slid my quarter's door open, walked out, and locked it with my key card.

Our quarters are basically just a room, a bed, a bathroom, and a small room to do paperwork in or have other humans in if one should find the need.

I waited outside the elevator. God it takes a long time. Well it's a big stationâ€|a big boring station.

The car slid along the tracks and I stepped in.

"Hey Ron" I said to a guy in my Squadron as I got on.

"Hey Jamey", the usual greeting. Well what the hell else is there to say. We all know what the other guy is thinking.

"If I don't get to kill some Covies real soon I'm gonna put a fist through a bulkhead"â€|.that's what we're thinking by the way.

Ron got off at the Engineering level. He said he had to pick up a new part for his Scimitar's targeting device. Then spend a week installing it, because all our techs are mysteriously busyâ€|ALL the time.

I saluted some random Captain as we crossed paths when the door slid open.

He was dressed in his fancy shmancy white naval dress uniform. God I hated that thing, who died for Christ's sake? Where's the General? No one and no where. No Generals inspect the station, and amazingly no one dies of boredom.

The hangar doors slid open as I clunked through.

"Hey" I said to all the other brick-faced pilots working monotonously on their Fighters.

I walked up to my Scimitar and sat down on a stool next to it.

Why can't the covenant take an interest in the bored population. We're filthy human scum too.

3. Overrated Dip Shit Troops

Chapter 2

I was jarred awake by the redundant beeping of my alarm clock. I proceeded to smack it as hard as I could having just woken up, If the corps gave us more than a cot to sleep on and I had a desk, the bugger would have slid right off.

"God I hope today is better" I thought as I began getting ready for work. Today the alert level has been raised, and all personnel have been ordered to wear heavier armor and carry heavier weapons. Great. Also we're going to have some visitors today apparently. Wow.

I finished clamping my boots, picked up my SMG, picked up two clips, put them in my ammo-pocket.

I walk through my room's door, and lock it behind me. I began my way down the catwalk to the Hanger. I needed to see if they had a part I needed to take to engineering.

I looked to my side out the massive see through walls, there was a ship coming into the docking port, which was pretty close to where I was now. I paused for a second to see if I could catch a glimpse of the passengers. This didn't look like a cargo shipment.

The vessel locked on, the doors around the airlock sealed and began pumping oxygen into the transition chamber, the room that people go through between their ship and the station to make sure they you know, don't pop, literally. The vacuum of space can do nasty things.

Then I saw them. A large group, maybe around 25 of them, all wearing black helmets with blue visors blocking their entire face. Black spec ops style suits, really tall clamp boots, black and grey camo pants. They walked out of the ship in 2 lines then turned and stopped in front of the Stations caption.

"ODSTs" someone said.

I turned to see one of my 'neighbors' standing beside me, one of the ones I didn't know very well.

"What" I responded.

"Orbitally Dropped Shock Troops, their like the Black Ops Elites, but you know, Human. And they don't have active camo. And they only have one jawâ€¦not four."

"I know what humans look like, you know, we kinda ARE, human, relax" I told him.

"Heh, these guys think they rule the universe. Apparently ODSTs don't know what fear is. They can take on three Major Elites and come out on top. Their one step away from being the God Damned Spartans."

"I take it you don't like them" I asked.

"Naw, last station I was on, they came aboard once to recruit people

that the CO's recommended, you know, the best in combat. They basically acted like slobs while here, I won't go into details but it wasn't fun having them around. I don't know, I hope we just got a bunch of bad apples"

He put his hand on my shoulder

"I gotta get to my Squadron, see you later" He walked off.

Before he left I saw his name tag on his jumpsuit, Corp. Layne. He was a pilot, his helmet under his arm and his jumpsuit were kind of a dead giveaway, and the pins he had on his collar.

I looked back to the ODS'Ts in time to see them salute the Captain and break away to wherever they needed to be. Probably to find the people they needed to recruit.

Well I better go to, I thought to myself.

I clanked along the remainder of the catwalk to the elevator. Got in, punched in the code for the Hanger, and the things sped off. First down, a few decks, then the rest of the way horizontally. I loved this thing. It took you past the viewing decks, you could see the MASSIVE cluster of buildings that made up Gehenna's Wing, and of course you could see Reach.

The doors slid open and I walked down the next hall to the Hanger.

"Nicole, got that part?" I asked the tech in the Hanger.

"Over here" she looked at a large crate a few feet away.

We both walked over to it, and lifted up a very, for lack of a better word, huge ass, side cannon. She opened a panel, dug around inside for awhile, then handed me a firing coil.

"Cool, thanks" I said as I left the Hanger with the coil in hand. Back down the hall, into the elevator.

Oh God, I paused before getting in the elevator, then realized I looked like a fool and walked in, awkwardly positioning myself beside the ODS'T standing with some kind of gadget. He was poking at its screen with a sticklike object. I've seen them before.

He got off on the next stop and walked out of view.

The doors opened to the main engineering bay. I walked through the large, well huge, room to my Fighter. I walked around it to install the coil in its side cannon.

I dicked around with the stuff inside until I was able to lock the coil in place. I closed the maintenance hatch on the cannon and walked over to the sink to wash my hands. When I got back there was an ODS'T standing beside my fighter. Helmet under his arm.

"Need something"? I asked him.

"Is this your fighter?"

"Yup, and no you can't fly it" I said in a nervous but joking way.

"Then you are James Thomson"?

I nodded.

"You have been selected to join the ranks of the UNSC Special Forces as an Orbitally Dropped Shock Troop. You will have until tomorrow morning to make a decision as to whether or not you will join, have a nice day".

4. I almost didn't make it here tonight

Chapter 3

My alarm clock didn't go off this morning. Of all days. This perhaps the reason I was tucking in my shirt while racing to the docking port to leave the station. That's right, to become an ODST, I could use a change of pace, also, anything to leave the station, and hey, if the Cap'n says I'm good enough, I must be.

I stopped running and calmly walked into the docking bay, trying to calm my breathing so it didn't look like I had been running. I started looking for people I knew, good luck I don't have many friends here. Then, over at the far side of the room I saw Corporal Layne, wow, now THAT was a surprise.

I began walking over to him,

"Hey! Layne",

He turned.

"They picked you too"? He asked

"Yeah, good to know that were some of the best huh"

"Best soldier, or best bullet sponâ€" "

He stopped talking as a man on the intercom began instructing us to enter the ship.

The doors clanked open and we started piling in. I was one of the first to get inside the ship. It was NOT the typical looking UNSC starship, there was very little lighting, the floors were metal grid instead of solid metal, and there were little compartments on the wall, the ODST inside the ship strapped us into the 'stand up' compartments. Then something rather unexpected happened.

A green bulb like thing attached to a metal bar began sliding out of the wall, it made contact with my temple, then another on the other side slid out and touched the other temple. They were barely touching me but I couldn't move at all, not just my head, but my whole body. Then I felt a shock, and everything went black.

"The doors are locked Nicoleâ€"|"

"When do you think we can leave"?

"God only knowsâ€|hey, Jim is waking up,"

My eyes were blurry and sore.

"Where are we"?

"I don't know, its okay though, its definitely UNSC". Someone said.

I noticed I was in a room with Layne and Nicole, the only two people I had made contact with since the day before. I think it was the day beforeâ€|

"How long have we been here"? I inquired.

"Not long, half an hour maybe, Regg woke up first". Nicole told me.

Regg? Who's Regg I thought, oh, it's only Layne and Nicole, Regg must be Corporal Layne's first name. Ha, Reginold, what a snobby name.

There was a hissing noise coming from the door. It slid open but no one was behind it.

"All ODSST training units report to debriefing room" a voice over the intercom said.

We all started walking towards the door. Arrows on the wall instructed us where to go. Soon we were seeing a lot more Marines walking in the same direction, all wearing the same green jumpsuits as us, with ODSTR on the back. I'm assuming the R meant Recruit.

We came to a large room. It had many seats in it, a UNSC symbol on the wall on each side of a large screen, and control console in front of the screen, facing us.

Soon an ODSST wearing some medals and with no helmet, and a slightly altered suit entered the room.

"Please be seated". He said into a microphone. A microphone I thought. Why is that necessary? Then I looked up, I swear to God there must have been 2000 marines seated above on balconies. Why didn't I see that when I came in here?

"Marines of the space stations, Acheron's Mercy, Gehenna's Wing, Eucharist, and Zarr. You have all volunteered to be apart in the UNSCs newest program. Welcome.

You are currently in ODSST Training Installation 7447."

The man basically just rambled on like that for another half-hour. Mainly patriotic belting it seemed. I sort of stopped listening once I knew all that was relevant. I hope I didn't miss anything.

Eventually we were told that the people in our room with us would be our unit for the time we spent here. Then we were shuffled out to the 'yard'. It was basically a fancy firing range. On the walls were a

kind of Rifle I had never seen before, with kick-ass looking pistols locked to them. They were pushed forward off the wall by their clamps and held out, loose, for us to take. We all collected our weapons and moved into the next room. A decently sized room, after about a minute a few ODST walked in. We stood at attention, we were instructed to do so during debriefing.

The ODST who seemed to be in charge, his voice came on over the intercom,

"Marines, each Unit of three will be assigned to the supervision of one Drill Sergeant."

This must be one of the reasons that he told us our training would basically kick our ass, well he used better words but you get the idea. It must be hard if they needed a different guy for each unit.

The helmet-less ODST walked up to Nicole, Regg, and I.

"I will be your Drill Sergeant until your training here is completed, come with me".

5. One year later

Chapter 4

I had to set my alarm clock really early for today. We've been here just under a year, and I don't think I've ever been more tired, sore, and unsure in my life.

But today has been the spot on our calendars burning a hole in our minds since we got here, not that we HAD calendars. Today we were going to be loaded into the cruiser 'Emperor'. Sometimes I wonder who names these stations and ships? Then after we are loaded onto that ship, we will be sealed into pods in its assault bay, and dropped, from the atmosphere, to a covenant held position on a planet. That's right, no more training, no more drills, we are literally being dropped into the shit, the real thing.

I can't wait. I hope that thought was warranted.

Because once we finished suiting up we were outta there.

"I'm ready," I said. Only to look up and see Regg and Nicole standing by the door waiting for me.

"Ohâ€|shut up".

We made our way, weaponless, to the docking bay. A door slid open in front of us and we walked into the docking bay. Onto the Emperor, and waited.

A voice came over the intercom, I think they must really like doing that.

"ODST personnel, report to the drop bay once the Emperor has reached escape velocity, and good luck".

"Preparing to disengage docking clamps in ten, please brace yourself until anti-grave thrusters are go, then await further instructions".

The ship's AI said.

"If the ship flares its main engines while docked, it would blast the Installation to dust, and probably do some not fun things to the planet". I overheard someone say.

"Five, four, three, two, one,"

The Emperor began to shake violently, and the air filled with the humming of its reactor coils.

We waited for a while for the shaking to stop.

A few minutes later the shipboard AI came over the intercom again.

"The Emperor has escaped the planets atmosphere, all crew may return to their stations, all ODST personnel from Installation 7447 must report to the drop bay".

Again, we moved through the rail elevator to the ultra cool looking drop bay.

The hatches opened and we got in. They instantly sealed. I could feel the adrenaline pumping through my body. It was like it had replaced my blood.

"Staff Sergeant Layne, locked in and ready for drop"

"Sergeant Shooter, ready for drop"

"Sergeant Thomson, ready for drop" I said while banging my fist once on the inside of the door, in response to one of the other ODST I had made friends with in training.

"ODSTs, hold onto your boots, we're a go, I repeat, we are go, beginning launch sequence, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five"â€|.

I began to sweat profusely inside my suit. I beat away my fear and I said a prayer in my mind that I wouldn't burn up on entry or something.

"Three, two, one, Drop clamps disengaged, prepare for free fall, good luck".

That was it, right that minute when the clamps let go and the capsules began to fall. I've never been more terrified before in my life, ever. It felt light at first, followed by a few minutes of EXTREME weight. Then the parachutes kicked in, and jarred me upward. I had to swallow a bit of bile I had in my throat from the G forces.

I felt light for a while, then I hit. I could heard other pods crashing down all around me, my door exploded off and I readied my rifle. INSTANTLY I stood face to face with a covenant Jackal, my crosshairs on my HUD turned red, like I needed my visor to tell me

this bastard was about to die. I squeezed off a burst of ammo into his head before he could fully comprehend what had just happened. Keep in mind I use the term 'he' loosely, I have no idea what that thing is. I don't even know if the Covenant HAVE gen â€" shit, an Elite popped up behind me.

He made the mistake of roaring when he greeted me.

"EVEN WITH ALL THOSE JAWS YOU STILL CAN'T EAT METAL CAN YA SQUIDFACE!" I taunted as I smashed the butt of my rifle into his face upward, brought it down again into the top of his skull, then smacked him with the most blunt end in the side of the head. This downed his energy shield, knocked out a shit load of teeth, and broke 2 of his four mandibles. I then pulled my pistol, stick it in his mouth, angled it up and blew a six inch hole in the top of the fuckers skull, and right through his blue armor.

I spun around catching a grunt in the teeth with my boot, I stuck the butt of my rifle between his neck armor, twisted it as fast as I could until I heard a snap and kicked him away. Up ahead I saw a group of three Grunts trying to take on one other ODS. Of course they didn't stand a chance, but I wanted kills, I switched my rifle to fire single shots, aimed carefully, and shot off the gas intake valve of one of the Grunt's methane tanks, the bastard suffocated.

"HAHA! EAT THAT YOU GAS SUCKING MIDGE!" I yelled while re-loading.

"Oh SHIT! Guys we got a problem!" I heard on my intercom.

I spun around about 180 degrees to see a Hunter tear through a brick wall. These things are fucking HUGE, 12 feet tall, in their combat state they crunch to about eight or nine. Huge fuel rod cannons directly integrated into their arm, and shields that cover most of their body on the other arm, they swing these things FAST. One of the other ODS opened up on it with both of his sub machine guns, the beast reared up and swung his shield from left to right, literally tearing the Soldier in half.

"Oh fuck, they got sharpened shields this time!" I heard over the com.

I looked up to a small structure that had been reduced to rubble to see one of our Snipers taking pot shots at the bugger.

I hear rumbling. Right behind me the wall collapses, the second Hunter barrels through, I sidestep his charge, extend to bayonet on my rifle, and run it through his exposed back all the way to the scope. The beast roars in pain letting off a fuel rod into a cluster of debris, sending dust metal and rock flying all over.

I withdraw my rifle and run like HELL. This thing is pissed, and has its eyes on me. Our Sniper sees it running towards me and fires a shot through its chest, that it left foolishly exposed by not using its shield.

It winces and stops for a few seconds. Regg skids past me dropping a frag in front of it. The beast looks at me, I see its cannon glowing green, the grenade goes off, its arm flies off and fires a shot RIGHT

over my head, I duck slightly down as the top part of my shoulder armor is shredded. The beast twists its head and drops to the ground.

"YEEHA! ONE DOWN!" Our sniper screams over the com.

"LOOK OUT!" I hear, as the Sniper's perch is torn down by a fuel rod shot, lucky me I'm standing right beside it. I dart away as fast as I can, then go back to help pull the Sniper out.

"Jim! My leg, my left leg! It's holding me under!"

I look down, and try to pull the slab of concrete off his leg, another ODS comes over and helps me get it all the way off.

"Light it up Nic!"

I look behind me to see Nicole firing her flame thrower into the Hunter, Regg is over her shoulder going off full automatic on it. The beast drops.

Everyone looks around, a few shots ring out and some Jackal snipers fall off the roof, some Grunts lose their heads.

"CLEAR!" Members from each team begin yelling.

"ODSTs, regroup, reload, do a casualties report, lets wrap it up, the Rines are coming in! GO!" The Squad Commander yelled over the Com.

I got up from helping our Sniper out, and looked around.

"We kicked their ass!" I said quietly to myself.

6. Sanitarium

Chapter 5

We were called up to the base near the more middle area of the city. A small city, really run down, no skyscrapers or anything, basically it looked like we were in a city made of outskirts.

The troop transport truck stopped and we piled out, most of us helmets clamped to our belts and rifles on our backs. Nic, Regg, and I walked over to a green tent with a bunch of people on desks in and around it. We were registered after giving our serial numbers, names and whatnot.

We were led to the only big building there. We sat down and waited for further orders. None of us felt like talking so we all just simultaneously did a gear check and started cleaning out our guns and fixing up our suites. I remembered my fried shoulder pad. I also needed a new rifle seeing as I had bashed up the end quite nicely in hand to hand combat. I was worried it might not last too much longer. I got some good whacks in though. Also I needed more ammo.

"I'm gonna go get some air" I said to the others after a few minutes.

I pushed myself up and off the wall we were sitting up against. It was loud in here, not that loud but loud enough. I kind of felt odd. I had only seen combat once or twice before, it was A LOT different than the simulations we ran back at I-7447.

I walked out the door and headed for the tent that had a fire symbol on it. Munitions tent.

I stepped in and walked up to the guy behind the counter/desk. It wasn't just a camping tent kinda thing, it was a very large tent, big enough to hold the weapons we needed after all.

I placed my rifle on the table.

"BR-55," I said to him.

He took it and tossed it in a pile of guns to be repaired, walked to the back of the tent, and brought me a new one with a few new clips. I registered them all and left.

Next I went to the tent with a shield symbol on it.

"Fried shoulder plate."

The man scrounged around and brought me back a new armored vest. You can't replace such a specific piece of armor. I slid on the new armor over my bullet/fire proof vest and shirt. Bullet proof for friendly fire and shrapnel, fire for Covenant plasma weapons. Some of them can light you up. Also the UNSC found that it helped against the extreme heat of the plasma

"Your lucky, that we have an outpost like this, most of the time you would just have to cope, and the times we do have these stations we hardly ever carry ODST gear, stay safe."

I just nodded and left. On my way out someone slapped the back of my leg, I turned around to see another ODST sitting on the floor, helmet on.

"Don't take it the wrong way, but you really should have your helmet on all the time, or most of it at least." he said.

I cocked an eyebrow.

He sighed,

"If the Spartans went around without their helmets, we would all see their faces, and it's the fact that they almost never speak and that we never see their faces that keeps us from losing respect. It seems like there almost above human, well, they are, but you know what I mean. They command respect," he said standing up.

I put my helmet on and glanced at his rank insignia, First Lieutenant, I saluted him and walked out.

I figured I would turn back to the building where my unit was. I held my hand up to block my face from the sun before I realized my helmet was up. In the time it took me to do that I glanced over to the road. I almost fell down from shock.

I had to do it, I took my helmet off. My eyes were stinging from the heat inside it. And I needed to see this without assisted vision. Or else I could never believe it.

Trucks. Tons of them, the first few with a canvas over their cargo, some of them with makeshift covers, they must have ran out, the rest were just open backed. Even with the full covers I could still see what was dangling out the back.

They were filled with bodies. All of them. Marines, all Marines, this is why they ordered an ODST drop. They needed us here, something was going to happen, or as was apparent, has started. Where the hell am I any ways?

The trucks just kept coming, I wanted them to stop, or for me to wake up, or to see even more covenant bodies than Human, ANYTHING!

I wanted to cry when I saw them, I jammed my helmet back on just incase I lost control of myself. I ran. I needed to find out where I was. There was a thought in the back of my mind the whole time but I pushed it back, along with tears.

I ran out into an area still populated by civilians, with UNSC around though. There were more bodies, on the ground, being collected and moved. Plasma bolts exploded in the sky. Longsword bombers raked the clouds.

That's when I saw it, a green sign lying on the ground, we WERE in the outskirts, the rest of the planed had been destroyed. I could see off into the city where fires the size of skyscrapers exploded. I took off my helmet, not even holding back tears this time, I knew it but I had to confirm it, I dusted off the sign,

'Welcome to Reach'

7. Return Fare Extra

Chapter 6

Not proud of my outbreak on the edge of the town, I sat quietly in the Evac-Dropship that was taking us back to the Emperor. Reach was officially glassed. All those people, fucking Covenant bastards. I didn't even bother looking out the window for Gehenna's Wing, I didn't want to see its debris field.

"Heads up. Docking with the Emperor in five minutes," The Pilot said.

Good, I need some time to sort out my thoughts, I â€" the ship shook.

"Covenant Seraph inbound, taking evasive maneuvers, stay tight Marines, we may have to repel an entry," I heard on the Comm.

Regg was the highest ranking person here, Staff Sergeant, we were the only ODST on board, meaning that if something happened we were in charge â€"

"THEIR LATCHED! CUTTING THROUGH THE CEILING!"

Welding sparks came through the roof of the ship. We locked our weapons onto it and waited.

The ceiling panel fell off, revealing a remote maintenance drone, a decoy.

The docking door exploded opened as Grunts and Jackals raced though, Elites in the back firing on us. A number of Marines were cut down by the Plasma fire instantly, Nicole took a HUGE risk, she fired her flame thrower, IN the ship, I opened up with two pistols I took off the wall and other Marines.

A number of Grunts fell with bullets in their heads. Some burned to death. I shot the burning ones the make sure they didn't spread, shit, Grunts - don't - breath - air, Humans do.

"NICOLE! CEASE FIRE! YOU'LL BURN UP THE OXYGEN BEFORE THE SHIP CAN RECYCLE MORE! AND WATCH THE METHANE TANKS ON THE GRUNTS BACKS!" I yelled over the deafening roar of flames, plasma and bullets leaving firing chambers.

Nicole shut off her flame-thrower right away.

The Covenant stopped coming through the holeâ€|

I slowly crept up on it, Pistol and dagger in hand.

I leaned on the wall beside the door.

TSH!

I heard a sound no one ever wants to hear. A Major Elite (Red) burst through the door with a Plasma Sword. It stopped to prioritize targets, big mistake. I darted behind it, grabbing it around its torso and holding the knife to its throat until its shields had been absorbed away. I slit its throat, then pushing on the back of its neck, I unloaded every last shot from the pistol's full magazine into the back of it is skull, then smashed it in with the butt of the weapon.

Its sword fell out of its hand, reverted to 'sheathed' mode, and I picked it up.

>No more Covenant are coming out of the docking pod. I think. I step inside slowly after taking a shotgun off one of the Marines. I start to move along the wall of the pitch black ship. To make sure nothing can attack from behind. I get to the back of the pod, farthest from my ship. Nothing but dead Covenant in here, I start walking to the entrance, I hear a hissing noise.<p>

The doors are closing!

I race towards them but they shut leaving me staring helplessly through the window, I fire off a shot into the locking device, but it just sends the shell flying all over the place. The blast doors close blocking me from my ship, then the whole thing starts to move. It's going backâ€|

Chapter 7

My heart skipped a beat as I felt the sudden thud of the pod docking. It was really sudden, for a few minutes I was drifting, the next second I was jolted across the room and I was being de-compressed. Or whatever the process is called, I don't really care, all I know is that the pod is about to be opened, and I'm about to be killed. Yippee.

The doors opened. I curled up in the corner of the front wall beside the door. Three grunts walked in and began checking their dead. They don't see me? Hmm, I slowly get up and slink out the door, ducking behind some crates. I peek between them and see nothing. Slowly moving around them I reach the first sliding door. I walk through it cursing in my mind for the noise it makes.

It's a viewing deck! Wow, the Covenant actually realizes the need for entertainment, if you can call this entertainment. Then I realized, it's not a viewing deck, it's for the Covenant Hierarchy to look through as they wipe out the enemy. Like they did on Reach. Fucking hell, this is probably one of the ships that glassed my home!

I hear a slight humming. Then suddenly the ship explodes into a frenzy of alarms, shaking, and alien language echoing through the behemoth on the intercom. I gaze out the window. It's the Emperor, its firing on the Covenant ship. It stops moving, crap, it is now aiming a cannon right at the viewing deck, I dart away from the window towards what I think is my only way out, I raise my shotgun over my head and swing down on the lock.

****Aboard the Covenant Battle Cruiser 'The Hand of Angels
Past':****

The Elite commander looked out the view screen at the Human ship that just destroyed its Viewing Deck.

"What is the crew compliment on that vessel!" Df'Ranal shouted at his tactical officer.

"Five hundred Humans, no automated personnel or Demons on board, sir" the Elite responded in a harsh monotone voice.

"Does it wield any weapons, defend any cargo, or house a Leader that we should secure?"

"No Commander, the vessel is retreating from Reach, it is blind as far as we know, recommend we eliminate it before it may land," The tactical officer replied.

"Agreed, we mustn't permit these scum to set foot on Sacred Land. Etaretilbo eht Namuh ecneserp!" The Commander yelled.

I could hear the viewing deck being disintegrated even though I was several rooms away.

Sirens, alarms, alien voices, all reverberated throughout the ship. I was terrified, one ODST against the crew of an entire Covenant Battle cruiser.

I moved into the next room, silenced pistol readied. There were about six Grunts here, asleep.

"Oh this is going to be fun," I said to myself,

"This kids, is what we call ammo conservation,"

I turned my shotgun upside down and gripped the muzzle like a baseball bat. I swung it from the side and put a hole in a Grunt's skull via the handle, it tipped over, and a few seconds later its thick light blue blood began leaking out. I performed similar acts on the rest of the piggies, as we call them. I scavenged around for any Covenant plasma grenades. I found 2.

Why is this ship so empty? I wondered. I walked over to a holo-pad in the next room. I tried my best to read the writing based on the language training we got back at 7447.

Hmm, seems the crew, Isn't here? They seem pre-occupied with something. They seem to be in a panic, they're evacuating the ship! I poked around in the pad some more. They sealed off the cargo bay. Looks like they have a bio-weapon of sorts, and it leaked or something.

Bloody Hell. I'm getting off this Cruiser.

I kicked down the next door after it refused to open, it was heavily damaged, probably from the assault of the Emperor. There was cocoon like pods clamped to the floor, standing upright. RIGHT! The Covenant use these to rapidly deploy Elite's onto a Battlefield, like the ODS, shouldn't be too different.

The room echoed with an aura of filth as I walked through it. An entire Patrol of Grunts, murdered in their sleep. BAH! It serves the Ungoggy right, sleeping on duty. I only pray the drop shells still remain in supply and intact.

Wait, no, this is not right, the launch bay door, it has been bashed out of place—I readied my Plasma Rifle, leaning against the wall I crept inwards. There, standing in plain view, was a Human, unlike the common breed this one resembled the Demon's of Reach. But black in dress, it must have been a higher-ranking Human. His end shall come at my hand.

I could feel something in the room with me, slowly, I moved one hand from the keypad on the pod and spun my shotgun around with one hand.

Fuck.

Standing at least seven feet tall, a white armored Elite stood at the receiving end of my shotgun, his chest only a few inches from contact, in my face a Plasma Rifle, ready to scorch my head off in a heartbeat.

White Armor, the Cruiser's Commander. This is NOT good.

In black Clad, a human superior, slaying it shall bring high praise from the Counsel.

I slowly tensed my leg muscles, I kicked the Elite back, then fired off a round from my shotgun. He reeled in confusion as his energy shield was downed, but he was unharmed. I back pedaled into the pod, pulled the door down to seal myself in, and hit the go button of sorts.

The Human shot me! In my state of confusion he was able to escape into the Shock Troop Shell. I needn't worry though, a Human could never survive the gravitational forces generated by the engines on those. I calmly opened my own Shell, and ejected myself from the Cruiser. I will find this Human.

I felt like I was a bullet. I had NEVER imagined that this thing, less than half the size of an ODS drop pod could have ENGINES! In a matter of seconds I slammed into the ground and the door exploded off, I fell out, tore my helmet off and 'let loose' all over the grass.

Grass, oxygen! DAMNIT! I'm an idiot, if there were no oxygen or atmosphere I would have blown my head up just now. I spat a few times to get the taste from my mouth, then pulled my helmet back on.

I loaded some new shells into my shotgun. I need to reserve as much as I can. I looked into the sky.

Oh my God—where AM I. Blue streaks raked the sky as Shock Pods fell all around the world I had landed on. Behind me a massive cliff, I walked to the edge of it. This is no planet—I can see some kind of ring shape going off into the distance, into the sky, then back into the horizon behind me. My God, I don't understand it.

There was a flash of light in the sky, the Emperor! She flew in miles above and in the distance. Tossing ODS pods and all kinds of escape pods, bombers, drop ships, she was going down.

In front of me stood a massive cliff. I looked up its wall, and stared in awe at the holy ring's majesty. I said a prayer in my mind, that this was not a dream. This was the first key to begin the Great Journey!

I gazed into space. The Hands of Angels Past exploded in a mighty array of colours. Showering Halo in its debris. Bless the Soldier's who sacrificed themselves to find this, Halo.

I decided it would be best to get a move on. Standing here just gives the Covenant more time to track me. I need to meet up with the other UNSC personnel, get off this ring, and report it to Command. This could be important, why is the Covenant so protective of it?

I best be on my way, I shall meet my fellow Soldiers, and exterminate any impurities I find here. I began my way towards a beacon, I knew set up by my Comrades.

This shall be the holiest of all battles ever fought. I readied my Plasma Rifle. Onward.

End
file.